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magazine

**new york city
new jersey
issue two**



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day in the Lyfe magazine

Fall 2004



Welcome to another edition of Day in the Lyfe! Thank You to all those who supported us through the difficulties of putting together this magazine and contributing to it's content! Now that the first issue is done, we are rolling and looking

forward to many more late nights geeking out and staring wide-eyed at our computers till the issues are done. Issue 2 is mainly focused on New York City and New Jersey, but the next issues will be more geographically diverse. There will be goods from all over. You'll find fine art ranging from whacked out roller graffiti to paintings of stray cats and swamp dwellers, to crayon sketches of rancid beef super heroes, and the most random nonsense you can imagine. You know, art is kind of like the supermarket; it's got plenty of things you like, as well as stuff you can't stand, and there are always some leftovers on the shelf just waiting to be poked at. So wake up people bring out the dirt. The images in this magazine are there for one reason, pure artistic appreciation.

We are not biased in any way. All the images are just things people create and photograph on their travels. If we are lucky, there is a camera handy when we encounter the beautiful and bizarre. So send us something good, then you can tell some silly chick/dude at the bar that you are the one that took that picture and sent it to us. Maybe they'll dig your style and see something in you that they wouldn't have before. Maybe they'll grease you up with hot cocoa butter for a little rubdown. Even if they don't believe you and won't bring out the condiments, you'll still know you did something cool. Anything that interests the dizzy eyes of the Day in the Lyfe staff will be looked at with consideration for future issues. So please enjoy the eye candy and send us images of anything you think we should see, no matter how random it may be.

ENJOY (D.I.T.L.)

day in the lyfe number two

front cover by chip 7



back cover by col 1 bfr

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printed by Royal Printing Service, USA



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Cope 2 on nyc

New York...The Motherland...The Mecca of graffiti. Graffiti in New York has come a long way, from its roots in the late 60's and early 70's, to gang writing, and then on to the subways. If it wasn't for the pioneers who started it, the writers today wouldn't have the styles they have. Throughout the years, styles have evolved and changed dramatically. In the early 80's, the New York subways were an icon...Watching whole cars run by was amazing. I remember seeing THE MG BOYS, MARK 198, FRITOS, KIT 17, TRACY 168, PNUT 2, RUSS 75, and CHICO 80 doing a lot of things in my neighborhood. I would see burners by MITCH 77 and DISCO. SASH, DURO, and BAN 2 OTB were destroying the insides. You had thousands of writers out there: COMET, BLADE, LEE, SHY 147, KEL, MIN RTW, DONDI, GHOST, SENTO, CASE 2, DES, KEY and COS 207. You have to have lived it to speak on it...it was a blessing. I grew up on the 4 line and started my own crew, KD in '82... SPEL, KIE, REO, STON 3 and AM 1 were the original KD members. They were killing the 4 line, along with REX 167, TRAP, DIE, and LIE. DELTA 2, SHARP, and SPIN were also smashing it. Soon, subway graffiti spread all city. CONE and I started smashing everywhere with throw ups. You had TATS crew like BIO, RAZE, NICER, BG, and

SHAME doing the fattest cars on the 2's, 4's, 5's, and 6's. The 1 line was my favorite. TKID was doing whole cars, and the FBA crew and TMT crew were rocking it hard. You would see DEZ and SKEME cars go by. WEST, PSYCHO, RISK, ZEAR, FLIGHT TDS, and JON 1 were rocking the hottest cars, but it was SAK the original MBT who ripped the 1 line apart. The whole RTW crew, QUICK, MIN, SACH, POVE, KEY, WANE, WIPS, DOME, SHO, and DC3 came out and rocked whole cars. CAP was destroying the 2's and 5's...He was having wars with everyone. '85, trains were smashed with throw ups top-to-bottom...So they painted them white. People thought it would stop, but it just spread. In the mid 80's, Europeans like NEON, MILK, and ZEBSTER started to come into town to rock clean trains...To them, it was sacramental...Almost like going home with a picture of a clean train was a trophy. The trains died out around '87, and that led to the elevation of highway and street bombing. Writers had been hitting the streets since the late '80's, but now they took it to another level. A lot of new writers started coming out. Little Man 1 started street bombing hard, and writers like BIO, LASE, and MAC started bombing around '84. Writers like OG 4, KRAFT, and SAZE migrated from the 6 line to the streets, and the original MSK CREW, MOSTER, ARISE, and CRISES left the 1 line and came out hard. JOZ and EAZY put the smack down and elevated the progression of street bombing. VEEF was one of my favorites...This guy caught tags in the weirdest spots. So many writers moved to the streets: JOSH 5, GAST, TEKAY, CHINO BYI, MET UA, PJAY, SEEN, SAINT TMR, NES, LOUI 167, JA, and DEEM...Proving NY can and will always come off with real style. As the fame of NY graffiti grew, a lot of writers and crews started doing productions. TATS, FC, UW, TC5, and COD are doing some of the best productions out there, and crews like WALLNUTS, YMI, YMN, CND, FX, and IRAK are keeping NY booming. Today writers like SKUF, SPEK, JEE, SINCE, WAYS, QUEST, JEZ, and LES are bombing the city hard. Now we have the Hall of Fame on 106th and Park Ave in Spanish Harlem that we paint every year. This is the biggest event in NY and has been a major factor in keeping the graffiti scene alive. Today TATS CREW has pushed graffiti to a whole different level. They took what they lived and represented and turned it into a professional business doing ads for Terror Squad and major companies like Coca Cola. Today you have a lot of female writers getting busy too: ACET, TOFLY, INDI, CLAW, FEVER, DIVA, DONA, JAKEE, and LADY PINK, to name a few. Also, a lot of writers are now moving to the gallery scene. LASE is making it happen, and EWOK SMH is doing some fat shows. JAMES TOP has also been putting together a lot of shows and events. The only problem I see with graffiti today is the haters. There's a lot of beef going on...People don't want you to shine. That's how graffiti goes. Regardless of all the confrontations, writers need to combine and unite to come to a peaceful resolution.

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ROBOTSWILLKILL.com

was created in the year 2000
in a small apartment in new york
It was developed in order to give
artists of all types of mediums
a place to showcase thier work.

RWK has a few core artists and designers
that help make merchandise to keep the site alive.
We have large sections dedicated to graffiti and
mini galleries. Even though it was started
in new york its now become global.

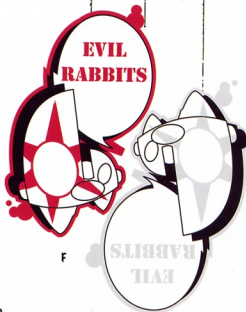
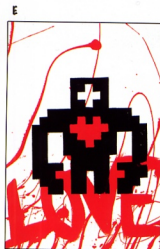
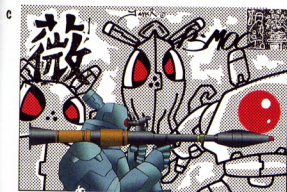
we hope in year **twenty04** to reach
an even larger audience...

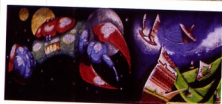
A. Chris Chillemi
B. Jay Pig
C. Jesse
D. Guy

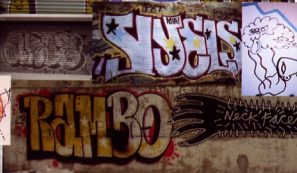
E. Matt
F. COL
G. Pars
H. Norm



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BODE'S OTHER GROUND

© BY NALYK BODE 2001



I'LL BE BACK IN 20 MINUTES, BITCH

DA
COMPLEX
COMPLEX

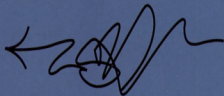
ACCORDING TO
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LIFE FORCE IS EVERYWHERE
IN OUR UNIVERSE
AND WE REVOLVE
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ALL AT ONCE...

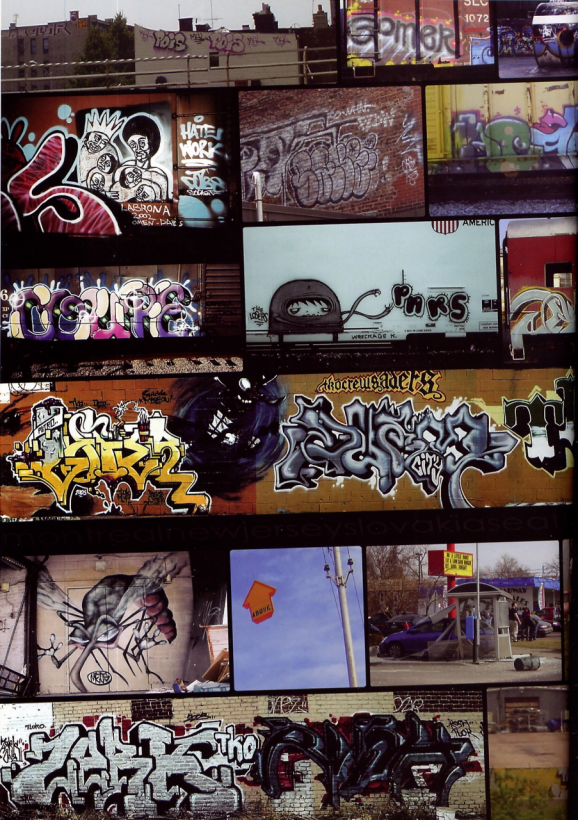
AND IN MY CURRENT
CALCULATIONS I HAVE
SUDDENLY DETERMINE
DA CENTER OF THE
UNIVERSE IS RIGHT,
ABOUT, HERE...



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The Pocko collection of pocket-sized art books has given 96 artists from around the globe the opportunity to share "creative obsessions." Each book stands alone, with completely different mediums, styles, and ideas. Some take under 30 seconds to flip through and forget. Some you'll look at over and over with creative envy, wishing you'd thought of their idea first. From illustrated journals on notebook paper (Pocko #4 by Daisy de Villeneuve) to a collection of autographed portraits of Watergate politicians (#2 by Adam Lowe), Pocko has truly managed to keep their artistic mind open. They've given some noteworthy artists the opportunity to share their work, and they are going to keep doing it. Each year, they choose eight new artists from what I imagine are endless submissions from around the world. If you think you've got what it takes, send your original, "curious" photos, drawings, graffiti, blood splatter collections, et cetera to:

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If they deem your work Pocko-worthy, you could stun the world with your creative genius, or simply provide 30 seconds of page-flipping followed by "Hm. Interesting." Check out the newly launched illustration agency at www.pocko.com on the information superhighway. Good luck chaps!

Review by David Small

POCKO





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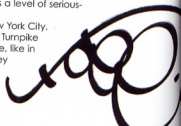


NEW JERSEY



When I started in the game, nobody gave a shit about Jersey writers mean there have always been people getting up in places like Jersey Patterson, & Newark to name a few, but it's not like it was widely recognized as a movement. Most of the attention was on New York and other cities, and in some ways it was a bit of a laughing matter that you were a writer from Jersey. For years it seemed like writers would pop up out of nowhere, do their thing for a little while and then disappear. The scene would fall completely dead, and the whole process would repeat itself. At least in my towns or neighborhoods. Then came the 1990's. If there can be a name attributed to this period of the NY train scene, and it's as though all that graffiti energy exploded outward. What was followed probably looked like a typhoon on the anti-graffiti radar. In Jersey, writers from across the state started banning together painting together. Simple walls once considered local, neighborhood spots were now being hailed as "Hall of Fame" spots due to the amount of outside writers passing through, and painting. Then came the magazines, and the videos, and the clothing companies, and all the other tentacles of the New York/New Jersey graffiti machine. Crazy Kings from Patterson, and my own Under Cover Magazine brought New Jersey graffiti to the world and suddenly Jersey was on the graffiti map. Writers from around the country and around the world started to look at Jersey writers for their inspiration the same way they might to New York or Los Angeles. Garden State suddenly saw some of its first graffiti "celebrities", as writers become known throughout the country and the world for their particular style. One thing I can say that has remained a constant throughout the history of NJ graffiti, is that nobody here is in the game for the trend of it all. Many of the writers here possess a level of seriousness and dedication that's unique to this place.

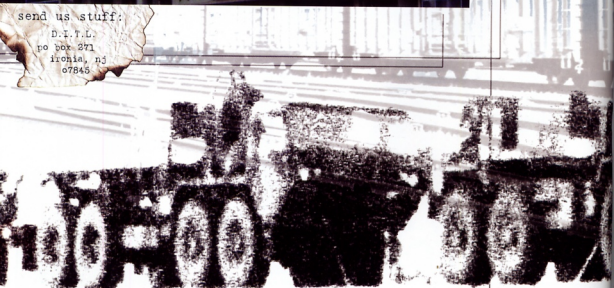
Maybe Jersey has been overlooked for so long because it sits in the shadow of New York City. Or maybe Jersey writers were too few and far between across empty stretches of the Turnpike or Parkway. You had small groups not realizing, they weren't alone. Whatever the case, like in so many pockets of the world, more and more people are flooding into the New Jersey public to express themselves in this way. I'll leave it to the intellectuals to debate why.





send us stuff:

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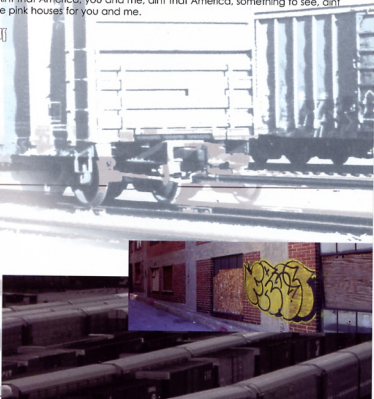


KANSAS CITY NOW AND THEN...

If you asked me in 1998, I would have told you that I would rather be beaten, stabbed or have to watch the movie, "White Chicks" then to ever be a resident of the Midwest. Thanks to anti-graffiti forces and multimedia news outlets, I soon joined the Graffiti Writer Relocation Program and was transferred to Kansas City, Missouri. Being a typical New Jerseyan, I hated every aspect of Midwest life. But soon, like the tall amber waves of grain, my love and respect for this city of fountains grew high. Kansas City is the heart of America, sitting in the middle of all the mayhem the Midwest has to offer. Besides cheap airline tickets to all major cities, there are many wonderful graffiti scenes a short drive away. Such as: Chicago, Denver, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Minneapolis. Texas, Tennessee, and the rest of the dirty 'south are just a little further along the

way. With KC as a central meeting place, you can always find an interesting arrangement of out of town artwork beautifully displayed throughout the city. Even though KC has a long history with graffiti, the scene itself still has a very young and fresh feeling about it. There is truly an unlimited amount of spots to paint, from Amtrak lines, to the hundreds of unpainted freight line spots, to the unlimited, untouched bombing areas the downtown city has to offer. The possibilities are endless. As a coffee drinker, legal walls are not my cup of tea, but the permission walls in KC are special in the fact all the best walls are located in the art district or in the heart of downtown for absolute maximum exposure. Having seen most of this grand ol' country, I was amazed to discover that Kansas City is one of the most active spots on the railroad earth. Sitting smack dab in the middle of the country, lines come and go from every corner of North America. Nicknamed "cowntown" the 1800's were filled with endless herds of cattle being driven across the Great Plains to Kansas City, where they would be loaded onto cattle trains that would ship them to markets in the East. By the 1900's KC was a rough town over flowing with drunken cowboys and drifting hoboos. The jungles along the tracks earned an infamous legacy for brutal frontier justice. Today, KC is home to several major yards, each one big enough to service any city single handedly. As a result this is an ideal place for benching. Where else can you catch the rolling stock of all the heads painting steel coast to coast? From Jersey, PA, VA, Florida, over to Texas and the South West, up the Pacific Coast into Canada and every no name bumfuck town in-between. If you paint within the iron circle, it will roll through KC, guaranteed. While the Midwest will always be slept on by some, the amount of writers that live and visit here makes Kansas City an alarm clock letting all know Graffiti is alive and strong in places other than just the East and West coast. Ain't that America, you and me, ain't that America, something to see, ain't that America, home of the free, little pink houses for you and me.

by NEWA & ELIJ





take a look around

Well, I don't know what you all thought of 2003 (not that I care) but I found it rather dull. Not a whole lot changed in my San Diego dungeon, yeah the weather's still nice, but the sun burns my skin. Once in a while I move aside the thick blankets that cover my windows to check out the world as it spins by...but it provokes little emotion, I find the whole thing to feel very bland and cartoonish. Time slowly passes as I shuffle in my camo slippers, back and forth from my computer to the bathroom, tripping over strange video-tapes and passed-out musicians. Cigarettes are now basically illegal everywhere, so I now chew on

pens to relieve anxiety. I gnaw on those plastic bastards until my jaws are sore and they are unrecognizable as writing utensils, then I stash them in a shopping bag in the closet that also contains some ancient turkey jerky and a few Def Leppard albums. What news? I heard Kobe got busted for doing what many famous athletes do all the time, it's hard to know what to think about this kind of thing. Guilty or not guilty, chances are he's gonna walk- R.Kelly and Jacko?—eww. Those guys should collaborate on a nasty website or something. -Apparently there was a big meeting somewhere, and at some point the whole "upside-down, backward visor" thing was explained. A few of us missed that meeting and would appreciate it if everyone would just knock that shit off until another meeting can be arranged. -Southern California caught on fire again; the sky looked like Armageddon in black and white. We weren't supposed to go outside without gas masks, while ash covered everything we own. -Some decent films came out lately -21 grams, Kill Bill, Monster, and Mystic River ect.,...but twice as many movies weren't worth making (I watch em anyway, so I can quote them and annoy the movie snobs.) I watch "Point Break" twice a month. -On T.V. there was some laughs to be found on shows like "Chappelle Show" and "Viva La Bam," but all chuckles aside...do I really want to see how ridiculously great Bam's life is? The kid seems cool and all, but I'd have personal carpenters, elephants and catapults all over my property too, (if I was filthy rich) It's like that damn "Cubs" show, I feel like crap afterwards because I'll never have it that good. I want a solid gold toilet too. -Last show I'll mention: "Newlyweds." You know, with Jessica Simpson. We must be encouraging stupidity now—that is the only possible explanation for this show being on T.V. Why does she have a television show? WHY? I don't get it. Now 30 thousand impressionable girls are inspired to think that they are supposed to act like blubbering idiots. She is hot though, isn't she? -At least tight, revealing clothes are still encouraged for women, at least no one can take that away from me. I have news for you, all you fools on the "Atkins" diet-WAKE UP! There is no way to quickly lose weight, just stop eating buckets of pork, drink more water and shut up. Well as far as the future goes, brace yourselves baby, it's going to get far worse. At least there is room for improvement. Get a helmet and learn to swim.

ALL DAY —Thomas Murray



top: Nick Walker, Justlink, Fabrizio
middle: Yok, Dan Witz

bottom: John Breiner, Zolltron, Joel Long, Skurpies





